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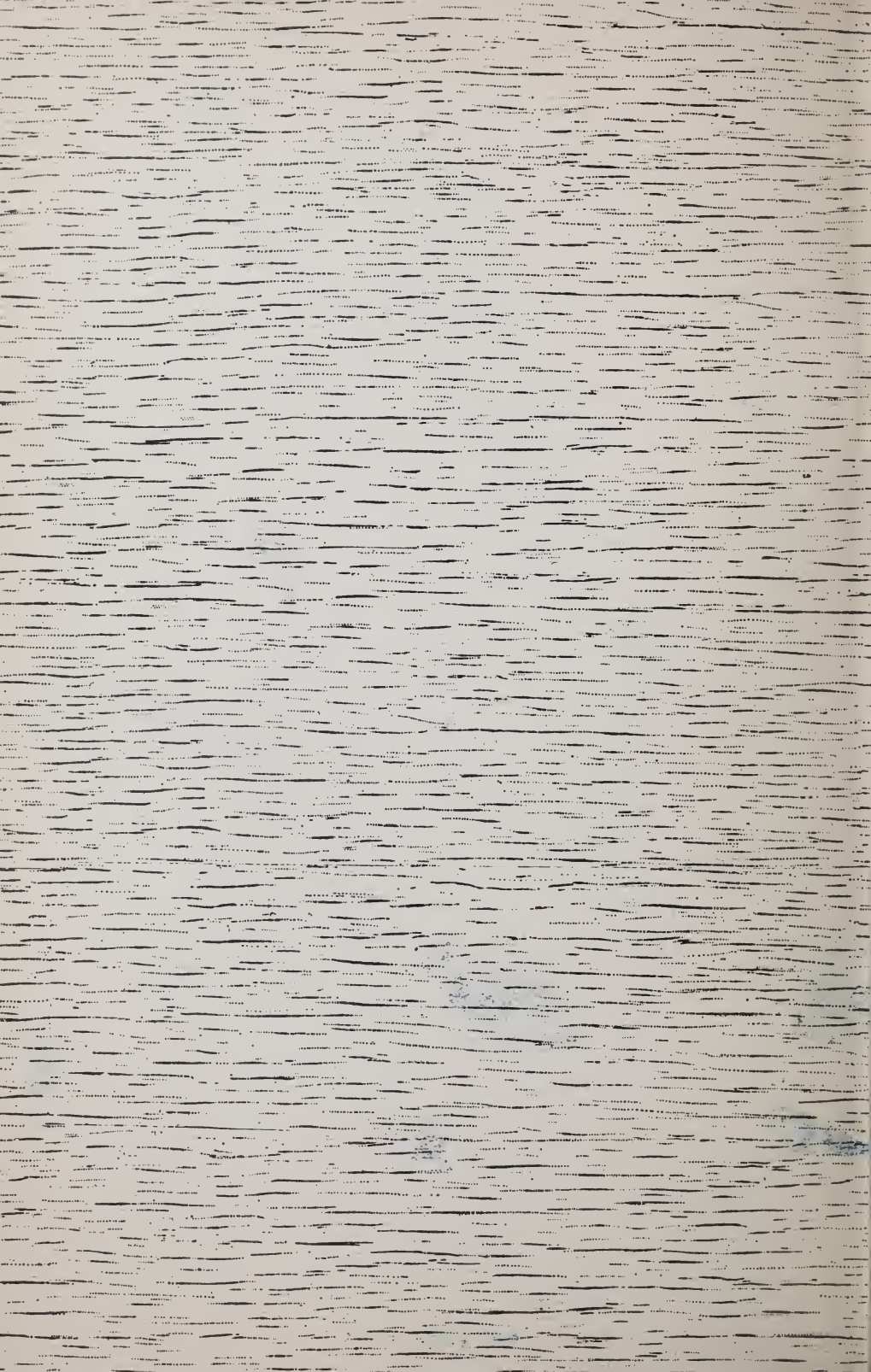
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PARNASSVS.

Vol. II
No. I



le Blaney



PARNASSUS

Volume II

NORTHERN ESSEX COMMUNITY COLLEGE
Haverhill, Mass.

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Dedication
To Marlene S. Molinoff



Thank You



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* Former students to whom the editors extend their
 thanks for allowing us to publish this material.

Ladder

in

the

Orchard

ALFRED H. MARCUS

“Hello, hello everybody. I have been meaning to write you for a long time, but it was this afternoon that really convinced me I should try. There isn’t a lot I can say except I took that walk in the park and it was very funny; but writing you like this seems the polite and best thing I can do. In the park there were some old men and some little scruffy kids, and in between there were four nuns who had some of both; I mean that they looked resigned or peaceable and yet seemed to have

kept a certain look of maybe exploration in their eyes. There were some lovers too. I was the only other woman in the park. It is hard to think about. Where has everybody been, and are they going back now, it made me think — which is part of why I'm writing this letter. I guess I might have called, like those ads say about being only as far away as the nearest phone."

She stopped writing to rub out that last sentence because it was stupid; she did it very carefully to prevent any running, and then resumed.

"But how are you? There is somebody typing in the apartment right overhead now, and whoever it is reminds me of you a little because it is raining outside and the sound of the typing is like the sound of the rain which is one of your tricks. Maybe you are upstairs. You know, today — with me in the park for the first time and then the rain and all — I'd like to think it's one paperback page of a story I'm reading. I mean that I'd like to write something in the little margin — a word like "ha" or "indeed" — real short, so only I would know what I meant; and anyone coming across it later would have to stop and think why I did it and, more than anything, relate, relate, relate."

She stepped down off the chair and sat in it, very still, to rest her arm. She listened, facing the large window facing the street, to the typing and the rain. After swallowing twelve more pills, which she took three at a time with a little water, the girl regarded how the neon lights in the street stuttered through the window that was completely frosted with moisture. Then she went back to her letter.

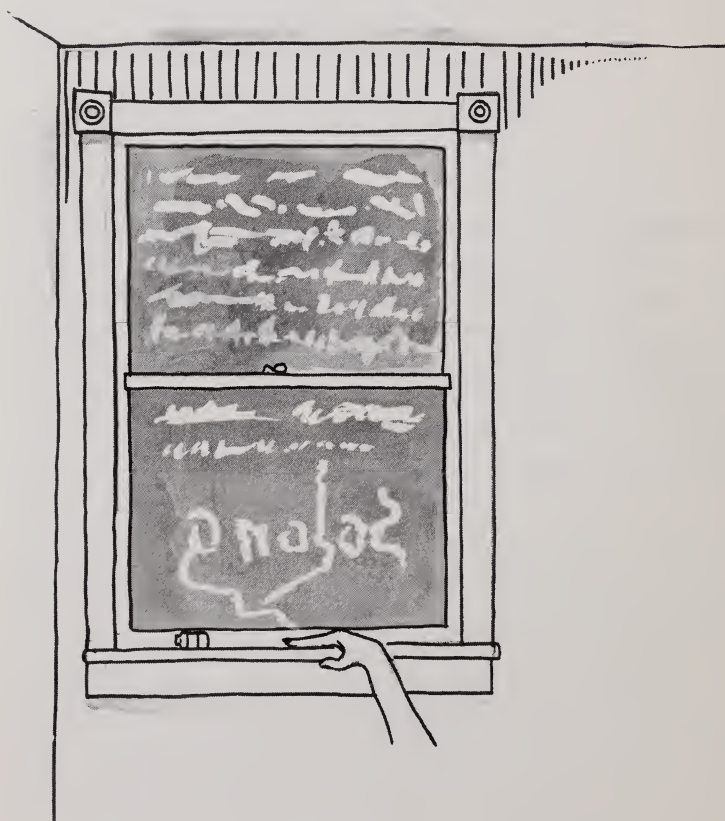
"I guess it was funny for me in the park because everything was clear. I felt that my eyes could not do all my wishing. I got the idea there is a big difference

between a lot of tomorrows and a future, that looking happily to the future is like thinking about the last embarrassing thing you've done and believing yourself more capable now than you were then, even if you maybe really aren't. I mean, both times are the same comfortable distance away. And the future, the good thing, is only going to be reached by living every painful tomorrow. But all I can ever hope to live are those tomorrows—not that good future in tiny villages on faraway islands—and each eats away the time I look up to, the future that is only good at a comfortable distance away. I got this idea looking at the apple trees. The park, I think, used to be an orchard or something and there are some trees still left; I sat under one today, and that's so important. If I could really write, I think I'd say something about the way apples always drop and how they always drop ripe—because they know their moment of gift. I sat under one tree until the rain started, but I couldn't have sat there until October, just waiting, for I'd have to watch so many old men and children and nuns, and lovers go by — and it would hurt because I've never been able to say anything to any of you. And now, everything seems so long to me. Even wanting to laugh is something very big and extended and not quite yet in progress like a novel. And like that, there's not much I can do. Not even writing you. It doesn't reach far enough. Excuse my writing but I am very tired. I just thought I'd drop you a few lines to say hello."

Making a big period, she took six more pills from her pocket, swallowed them slowly, one by one, and sat down in the chair. The heavy condensation had already started to run; the tiny beads of water ran down the window, streaking the words she had written there.

Then, all at once, the girl stood up again. She pushed back the left window curtain as far as it would go,

pressed her finger up to the glass, drew a squiggly line down the left hand margin of her letter, and there, in thick letters she wrote:



Under

How rapid runs the ragweed
Amidst its more majestic kin
Most of whom look down in scorn. It
Flourishes — thriving despite the futility
Of trying to serve but having no utility.
Nourished by disdain, it spreads
Its senseless shroud of twist—
Till soon all else is gon.
What a pity that such persistence
Should be trod upon.

NINA VILLA

The Sojourner

The world is dead
 and through the debris I wander,
carting the sunburned carcass
 of the past.
RA rests all is still;
 The silence deafens;
The roar of emptiness crescendos;
 I wake.

NINA VILLA

Dixie

If perchance you hate the Commies,
And you happen to hate Jews,
And you hate the Roman Catholics,
And the way they kneel in pews;
If you hate the black men equally,
And you hate Italians too,

(Chorus)

Then let me tell you this my friend,
There's just one place for you,
And that is Dixie,
Yes, I say Dixie,
Where the people always smile and say ya all
Because in Dixie,
I say in Dixie,
A guy like you could really have a ball.

(Chorus)

If you loath George Lincoln Rockwell
And Turks and Greeks and Poles;
If you think the U. S. President
Has a head that's full of holes;
If you're really anti-civil rights
And you hate the Irish too,

(Chorus)

If you were glad to hear the news
That Medgar Evers died,
And you cheered when Collie Wilkins
Was freed of homicide;
If you know how to make a noose
And make a time-bomb too,

(Chorus)

If you want to burn a wooden cross,
And maybe have a fight,
And you know the government is wrong,
And God may not be right;
If you'd like to burn a Negro church
And hang a man or two,

(Chorus)

If your I.Q.'s less than fifty,
And you cannot write your name;
If you have a prison record,
And your folks think you're insane;
If you can pull a trigger,
And maybe tie your shoe,

(Chorus)

E. MARK HUSSEY

What Would You Do?

What would you do
If damp moss grew
On all the sides of a tree,
And where would you walk
Or where would you run
If the compass needles spun?

NICK DIAMONDOPOLUS

In The Break

I stood a moment then to watch
The wire rows of bobbing lights and
the dancers,
While taking a thin sip at my drink,
Before turning back to say to her
I knew
Whatever she was saying — something of
love being a little
Like that pine at the end of the garden
or something;
I had already forgotten her name.
The moist flowers, stood line upon line
(All closed taut like tiny fists that
children make
When they are anxious but dare not make
a face);
And watching the girls in their flower-
print dresses
As they moved listless in the break
between two dances
Down the garden corridors to snap
(With quick thumbnail twists where the
stems were weakest)
Bright roses for their hair, I understood
The nervous shuffling of the boys.
Then, while behind us someone sharpened
a violin,
She spoke of the wind moving fireflies
without noise
And told me her name again, like a dare;
So beyond the dances we danced, and
Swept by her dark laughter — I never saw
That she too had taken a flower to wear.

ALFRED H. MARCUS

Nocturne For A Soul Lost to Time

R. RICHARDSON

The hellish, burning pain lashed out at him with full fury and vengeance as if to rake the very flesh from his body. His eyes snapped with each stroke of the lead tipped rawhide thongs that tore at his back and shoulders. Each time his head was thrown back violently, the sinews of his neck standing out like tree trunks and his teeth gnashing together with the force of millstones. The pain was inside his body now expanding, threatening to blow him apart if it couldn't find an exit. He waited, the pain mounted. His eyes were bulging; breath, when it came, was in short sobbing gasps. His lungs could not hold the air inside. His body fought against itself — half struggling to live and half retreating, seeking the comfort it knew would be at hand.

He mustn't scream — no sounds — they would know and he would have to walk this road again. No — if he could let out the pain everything would be all right.

Suddenly, just before he was about to be torn apart, the pain found an exit and he sought refuge in the warm darkness and knew nothing.

Rone sat and stared at nothing for there was nothing there except the dirty gray smoke from five cigars and seven hours. How long had he been standing? He didn't know; he had no comprehension of time now. To him it began with each breath he was allowed to take. The end was near — he knew — that was all he knew. His mind had rejected all consciousness although he was

not unconscious. He couldn't speak — he couldn't even remember his name.

His body had not forgotten though — the dull, pulsating, even boring sensation of a pain too big for his nerves to handle. He could not translate to his brain the messages of sounds throbbing in his ears.

Rone had been allowed to sit only after he had been forced back to consciousness by the scientific application of a tiny electric shock. No man of earth could stand unbroken under such exquisite torture, but he had given up control of his conscious mind too early for them to realize that he was lost.

Rone had ridden through the storm center that was pain and had been thrashed and almost torn apart in its eye. He was on his way down now — the vague, empty sensation of a fast elevator ride. Smooth — warmth — shadowy images formed on a translucent wall somewhere in the murky region behind his forehead and it was as if his eyes turned inward to get a better view of these things.

Smoke curling — dead but still twitching, moving, groping in search of something that it didn't know. It was his friend, his protector. They couldn't see through it. It hid him from the relentless filth that he was forced to behold when his mind had been with him — and them.

The hate and fear had left. They were lost — swallowed up and consumed in the smoke. Instead, there was that warm feeling one has on the verge of sleep. The wall was closer now and every nerve prodded his tired body toward it. The figures were becoming clearer. Body and soul were tied with a rope. Stretching—sagging—stretching with a renewed effort to part company.

Rone didn't even flinch when the ominous black terror reared up in front of him. There was nothing now but sunshine and light. They couldn't touch him now; he was on the other side of the wall.

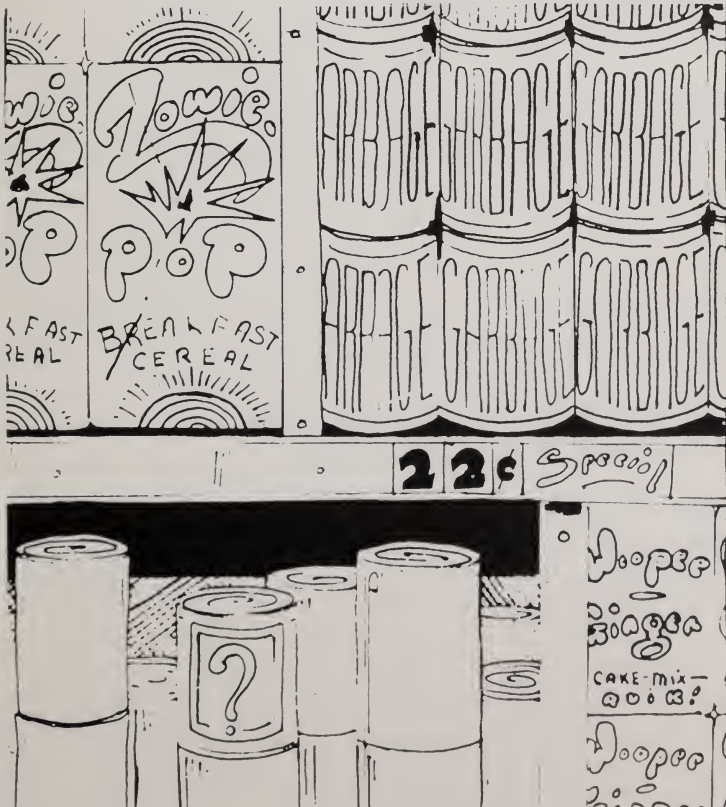
DUNYADA BOS TENEKE
KUTUYA IHTIYACI OLAN
MEMLEKETLER VAR . . .

THERE ARE COUNTRIES
IN THE WORLD WHICH
NEED EMPTY CANS

Cop tenekesi
icinde
teneke
cop . . .
Copten teneke
tenekeden medeniyet
medeniyetten
coptenekesi . . .

Can garbage
in
the garbage can . . .
civilization
from
can,
garbage can
from
civilization . . .

YIL KAREDİMİR



Four Poems

That winter,
brown owls spoke
of love-tongues bent in the frost
And young arms cramped
in shivered winds.

Relics in the snow—
The old voices lay hidden.

* * * * *

Gentle night
You rise up dark cloaked and smooth
Like a blend of graysoot
And blacken the running-brown hills
As a painter at ease with colors.

Dawn will soon
Deny it all.

LEROY HAZELTON

In bronze
Daedalus is cast in sorrow,
frightened of the broken wings
resting in his lap.

* * * * *

Cat-soft Marie
Sings splintered
from the wooden doorway,
her burnt throat
like an empty crow
stuck on an electric wire.

Her lover speaks of leaves in snow
And nerves that bent like copper.

LEROY HAZELTON

October's Child

I am October's child:
child of the cool sun,
child of the warm moon,
child of wheat —
child of death.

I am October's child:
I am young when
Earth is old and
dying. I begin
when life is ending.

I am October's child:
I am beautiful when
Earth is frozen and
dead. I live
when life is ended.

I am October's child:
I am old when
Earth is young and
alive. I die
when life begins.

I am October's child:
killed by the warm sun,
killed by the cool moon,
killed by leaves —
killed by life.

E. MARK HUSSEY

A Painful Cross

MARTHA A. CHAMPAGNE

Early on the clear morning of May 12, the children, relatives, and friends of Mrs. Emma Fluett assembled at the Arthur J. Scott Funeral Home to pay their last respects to this once so loved person. The parlor seemed to become smaller and smaller as more people filed in.

A sensitive, red-headed boy, sitting in his wheelchair in a corner of the long room, was thinking of the many times his grandmother spent with him playing cards to help pass the long, dreary hours of the day. Soon he would be alone with his lifeless grandmother until the pallbearers would carry away the coffin.

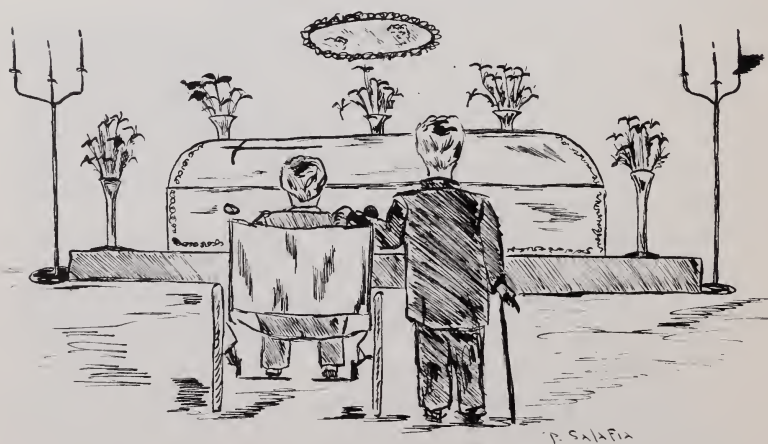
The murmur of the crowd grew silent as the director began calling names on the list. In fifteen minutes' time the parlor was almost empty. There remained only the eight daughters of the deceased. Beginning with the eldest, they each took a flower from one of the front sprays and gently pressed it against their mother's clasped hands. The sight of this tender action, expressing a strong bond of love, stirred the boy. Before leaving, one of them turned to her son and asked in a low, choked voice, "Leo, are you sure you'll be all right?" "I'll be fine" was the reply.

As he advanced to the front of the room, he could see the pallbearers in the hallway receiving instructions

from the director. There were Scottie, Ray, Henry, Ted, and Joey, all grandsons of Mrs. Fluet. Bob Melanson, who had married into the family, completed the group. Had he been able, Leo would have taken his place with his cousins, but he knew that such was not God's will.

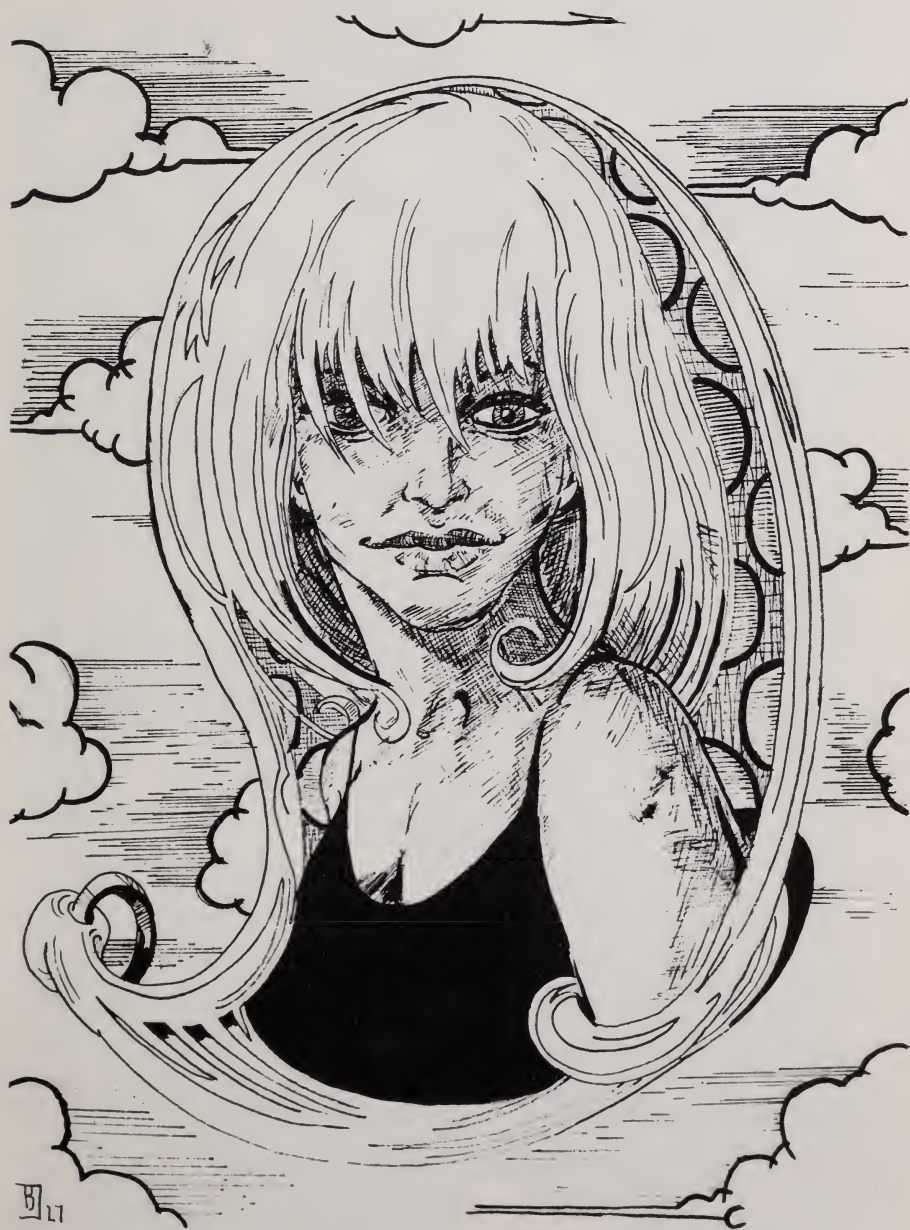
He wheeled himself next to the coffin and secured his brakes. With a heavy heart he reached out and touched his grandmother's hands. The coldness and hardness of the skin filled him with tears, but he swallowed hard and repressed them as he found comfort in her peaceful, aged face. As he viewed her for the last time, he recalled the nights she had spent looking after him during his illness. He could almost feel the cool compresses that she had so devotedly changed those deciding nights. Such comfort he had found with her!

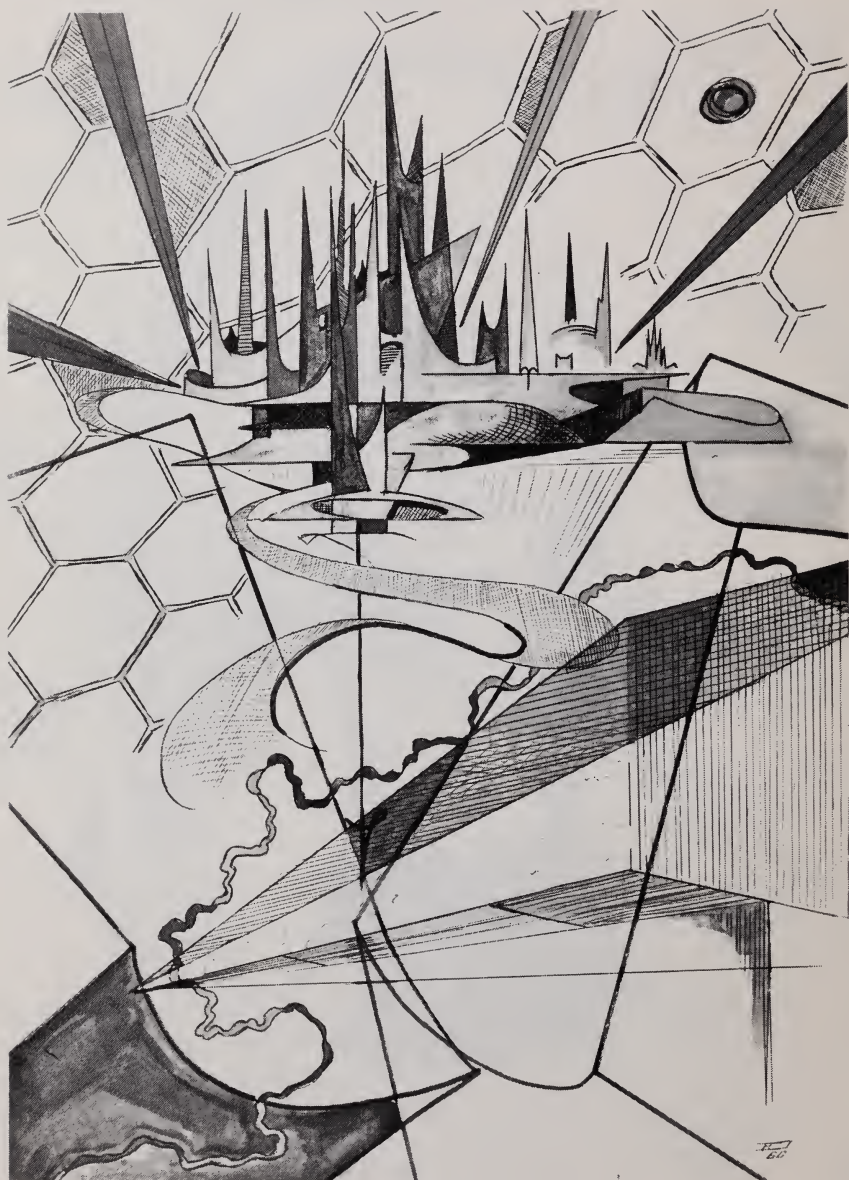
He slowly wheeled out of the way as his cousins approached the coffin. Not a word was spoken as each one passed him, for they all shared similar feelings. As the doors swung open and the remaining few departed, he bowed his head and uttered, "God, I wish I could walk!"



A
SELECTED
PORTFOLIO

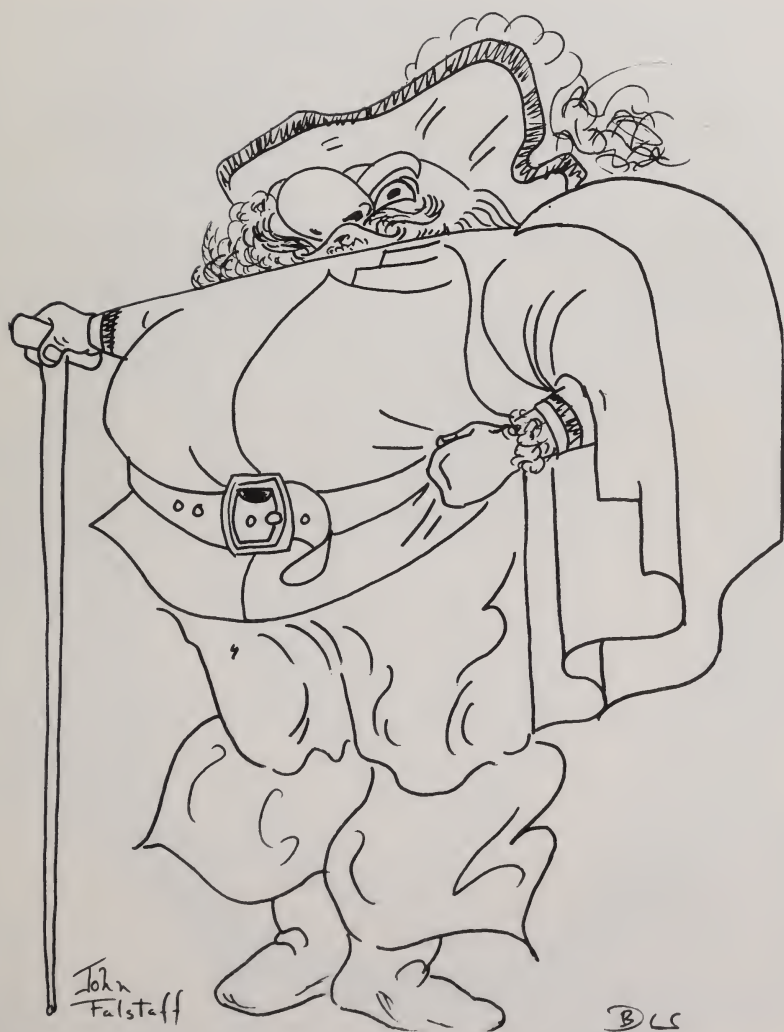
By Dale Blaney













TITLES

1. U_ntitled

2. X_anadu

3. P_op-A_rt-P_rofile

4. A_t the L_ibrary

5. F_alstaff

6. P_aradise L_ost

A Forest Friend

I walked through the woodland
With ears for alarm.
And came upon a fellow
Who'd do me no harm.

His tail like a lighthouse
Stood high at his rear.
His nose sniffing things
That his ears could not hear.

The stripes down his dorsal
Made him seem like a skunk;
With his handsome black spots,
He perched on a tree trunk.

I approached a bit closer
And offered a hand.
He sniffed, then he pondered,
He did understand.

We being close friends,
I advanced him a nut.
It took to his teeth,
Then he wiggled his gut.

Then off he scampered
Ore' pine needles and trunk.
As I gazed and I watched,
My friend the CHIPMUNK.

JAYE DeMARCO

Eden

There is laughter in the movement of this girl.
And surely there is pathos in her face,
As though a nimble hand could quickly curl
Her wistful sadness into sculptured grace.

But as the beauty of an Autumn leaf
Is also portent of the barren tree,
So this her supple poise of secret grief
Perhaps fortells a brittle apathy.

Who shall stretch the deft fingers of his love
To bring to man the promise of this clay,
Stand proud among the gods; so if he prove
A truer grace than god's, I also say:

That if he fail, let him understand well
He in his love created his own hell.

ALFRED H. MARCUS

Once

Once
In the attic
She was a lover
With ruffled hair
And swollen breath —
She loved
With tiny arms
Almost breaking —
dreaming
a child would
Knuckle itself in.

She skuffs past
Gray-wooden rooms,
Sweeping spiders
from old corners,
Raising dust,
heavy —
Sad as ash.

LEROY HAZELTON



A Dead Leaving

All is color now,
Bright, dying leaves scream recognition,
Each outdoing another in passing glory.

"I like autumn," you say, "the trees wear
Such pretty dresses of red leaves."
Dead leaves kicked under foot,
Pulled down
By the weight of hours a summer long.

"The brook is almost dry."
The sun drank deeply yesterday;
Now windy fingers tear this season apart;
Loose autumn covers the ground,
Leaves upon leaves.

"Smell the air? Leaves are being burnt."
The wind blows a sooty smile,
Blackening my eye
With ashes of summer thoughts.

Under a chameleon tree,
Now in yellow, old age,
We spend a joyless time, talking
With weak words, remembering the better past
Days of streaming sun.

Fresh green days
With a taste of spring in your hair.
We laughed then, feeling thoughts
Unable to be expressed.

The hours we have left together crumble
Like dry leaves in my hand,
Scattered by the wind.
Our hearts shiver,
Knowing the cold absence to come.

We leave the glen,
Letting the trees undress
In the smoke filled autumn.

ALFRED H. MARCUS

Day Between Nights

Silence,
Virgin darkness.
Heleos emerges to divide night and day,
Dancing discharges of electrical energy,
Intoxicated whirlpools of molten matter,
And sultry, swirling seas become
Matchmakers among unwed elements.
Molecules engage in wild orgies,
Proteins make passionate love to nucleic acids,
Protoviruses caress the shadows of efflorescent life.
Eons of Evolution. Natures beauty abounds.
The onslaught of Homo sapien,
Architect of Gods, cesspool syndromes and
H-Bombs.
Raped darkness,
Naked silence.

JOHN SLEEPER

Salty Dog Sans Meter

We always came here
On payday,
In the smokey haze, drinking
Our blues away.
One Klootch always laughed
At our curses.
In a shrill voice she sang:

Life is a bowl of cherries
With no care or worries
Pick a fine red one
Or a slightly green one
Sweet like candy cotton
Only they're all rotten.

Then the insults would flow.
Pvt. Sain yelled, "The Klootch
Is the scum on which we run,
To answer the beating drum."
Cpl. Mann cried, "I spit on the
Hunchbacked klootch and the rest
Of the scum, who can't drum
Or fire a white hot blast from
The bowels of a mighty M-1."
Later I watched in silence

Ruck-Sack Annie vomited. Mad
John mumbled, "God is a camel
Lost in a storm." They laughed
And staggered out the door.
I didn't see Cpl. Mann leave.
We found his decayed bones
On the sand flats where gulls
Often dance and oil slicks wash
Their tracks away. Sea worms ate
The marrow and gambled for the eyes.
But never mind the dead;
Their bones feed the living.
Watch over there: Annie and John
Are dancing to the waxing of the moon,
Happy in their rotten sawdust world.
I left him there, thinking him mad;
I walked out into the flashing neon
World. I saw a Salvation Army band
And a small child with vacant eyes.
My mind cried out:
God! Not the seed — not the seed.

THOMAS SEXTON

To a Sea Shell

You once hosted life
Within your crust,
Until death excused you
And you were expelled to
the shore,
By your father Neptune,
To be exposed in your
Naked perfection
To the critical sun.

NICK DIAMONDOPOLUS



The Fire

Burned

Three Days

The Phoenix is,
 dead.
He was hung on a
 tree and
Given to
 a dark fire.

He was consumed when
 green would be green,
When his father
 was safe and free.

He grew from the ashes when
 green was green,
When his child
 would be safe and free.

He has flown on a
 cloud and
Gone to
 a bright coolness.

The Phoenix is,
 alive.

E. MARK HUSSEY

February Lines

These days no one of us goes
 lonely
As a cloud, but as a gritty
 rock, kicked up on shore.
Therefore I now give thanks
That in such times black wind—
 thin lines
Curl arabesque, the stretch
 straight to a livid, frozen sky.
So webbing roots drive down,
 twist through,
Clutch to beloved earth,
Suckle her secret breast,
In winter springs my admiration
 for ascetic wood.

These lines, translations of
 a long flute song,
Image an icy fine-spun silver
 blown too high,
That melts in wind-fall moments,
 settles,
Lies on widening pools where
 thirsty vision comes to drink.
The time of empty nests — only
 dry sticks
Bear witness to the fledgelings'

flights. The memories
Of sun's return
Induce a subtle stirring in
the limbs,
Provoke a faint green promise
there.
I should be thankful to
wait out the winter as the wood.

ALFRED H. MARCUS



Words of War

Monstrous war,
Bomb, burn and bake.
Ah, but the Conflict,
Losses, logistics and lollipops.
Those carnal wars,
Napalm, nihilism and Necropolis.
Ah, but the Conflict,
De-escalate, demilitarize, and delude.
Horrible war,
Genocide, infanticide and the wrong side.
Ah, but the Conflict,
Calculations, casualties and candor.
War should be outlawed.
Easier to murder for the Conflict,
And it sounds nicer.

JOHN SLEEPER

POEMS

Butun
dillerdeki
"Ben"
silinse
konusucak
ne
kalirdi

I
wonder
what
would be left
to talk
about
if
we
erase
all
the "I" 's
from each language

YIL KAREDIMIR

Su
andan
otesi
yok.
Cunku
yarinimiz
dun.

There is
no
beyond
the now.
Because
tomorrow
is
yesterday.

YIL KAREDIMIR

The Treeless Forest

Dawn comes wading through the ebon surf;
Quietly like a harpsichord's lament,
Speaks the wind.
And so I tread the treeless forest,
Where nothing grows save a tiny shrub,
The soul of damnable Beezlebulb.
I taste the warmth of what was decayed,
And touch the frantic murmur of songs
Played by sightless minstrels on a winding path,
Fearing not the wrath of whatever
Gods there be;
Only the reflection of what I know is me.

NINA VILLA

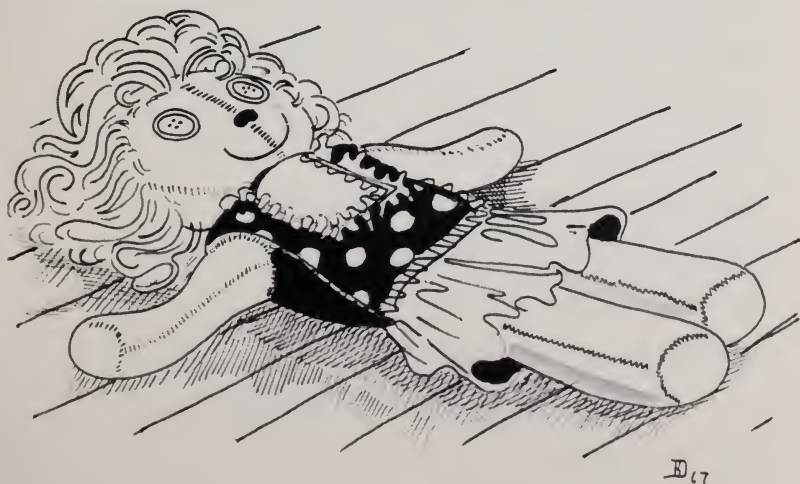
It's Mother Black's Child

Two sightless eyes,
A skull cleft neatly,
Fingerless hands and
Toeless feet.

A bloodless dress, though
Torn and dirtied,
A second hand gift;
Her only conceit,
A broken locket
To adorn her broken neck.

Down the street she is
borne,
Wrapped quickly in a
frayed blanket,
Mutilations exposed to
The stares of the curious —
Last year's doll of Mother Black.

NICK DIAMONDOPOLUS



Life

A thousand ships* set sail from home*	1
To brave the brisk and fervent foam*.	2
A thousand ships glide by their goal*	3
To find a surer starlit shoal*.	4
While two and twenty tides withdraw*.	5
And see them stranded on sand* that's for	6
The weak and willing, that brave the brim,	7
But brave much less than the life they're in.	8
But God deliver those who must	9
On the alter-goal* be wrecked in lust,	10
For at the goal-isle* there's no port,	11
And tides run strong away from this fort*	12
From in which lights tempt foreign forms*	13
To be wrecked on near alter-isle* in storms	14
Wrecked on alter-isle*. To swim	15
To the firm and frosted goal-isle's* brim	16
Would take a man so weak his strength*	17
Would stop, but at great Godly lengths.	18
Said sand* is far, but free from fear,	19
And the long-journeyed ship* will find it near.	20

(Explanation on next page)

Notes

- 1 "ships" — men, or their means for the pursuit of happiness.
"home" — pre-birth neutrality.
- 2 "foam" — life.
- 3 "goal" — some kind of engagement in life.
- 4 "starlit shoal" — death.
- 5 "While two and twenty tides withdraw" — the age of the poet, or a kind of life in death.
- 6 "sand" — death.
- 10 "alter-goal" — Hell on earth.
- 11 "goal-isle" — Heaven on earth.
- 12 "fort" — barrier around happiness.
- 13 "foreign forms" — man seen as alien to heaven
- 14 "alter-isle" — Hell on earth.
- 15 "alter-isle" — Hell.
- 16 "goal-isle's brim" — Heaven.
Alter-isle (14-15) and goal-isle (16) are near each other because opposites are nearer to each other than to the mean — which is said sand (19).
Man must fight his way into heaven, happiness then suffering desperate odds. (14-16)
- 17 "weak his strength" — to succumb to death: easy and difficult.
Death and lust related here. The opposition of, easy and difficult, is the fact of the strain and tension which allows them to be so near, yet keep them apart. (15-18)
- 19 "Said sand" — death.
- 20 "the long-journey ship" — man in old age, or his support. He has no forces of self left him.

DAVID CLARK

Grandma's Art

"My art work," Grandma used to say
And put her mending box away.
For fancy work she had no flair,
Like knitting tidies for a chair.
But when elbows came poking through,
We marveled at what she could do.
A barbed wire rent, a hole in cloth
Invaded by some wily moth
Sent Grandma flying for her needle.
Each tattered raveling she could wheedle
Right back into its proper place.
At home with socks or lace,
A workday shirt or Sunday dress
Grandma mended with finesse,
Each broken thread, each tiny part,
Who can say it wasn't art?

NICK DIAMONDOPOLUS

Ticket To Ride

R. RICHARDSON

I was decked out with blue crawling on me and the Iron Devil that had me by the back of my mind wouldn't let go. I tried to ignore him and sort out my eyes and ears and separate them so I could see if I still had a face.

This time my travel agent had sold me a torn ticket and the trip was detoured the long way around, but I got lost on a short cut and ended up in hell. That's where I hung up on Happy and Thorn. They knew the route and took me thru but they were zombies so I got burnt anyway.

The way back from a trip always seems longer than the way to it but this time I couldn't shake all the hangers on and all the real people said I should get off the train and walk thru the fields in the weeds.

But I had to get back to Benjie's and see if my soul was still under the ashtray where I thought I hid it for safe keeping before my last journey. I hoped Fat Cilla or Ribbon King hadn't stepped on it or the sax hadn't swallowed it up if it was there.

I walked in slow and steady and there was one of the real people sitting at my table that was reserved so I said cool it Charlie and dumped him on the floor because I had more important things sitting on my nose. Ribbon King came up and said what for and he and Fat Cilla told Charlie to play it back and then Black and White and his cripple came in and looked at me hard and took Charlie out and payed him off and everything fitted in place.

I looked at my enemy the ashtray and lit a butt and watched the smoke go up and stay flat while Louse sent

the notes out of his sax to tie me up and keep me away from the ashtray so I couldn't find my soul.

I yelled at Louse cool it and he smiled and his eyes closed the door as Boss Guitar spun out and fought with the sax with me in the middle but I couldn't move.

About four hundred years later a half-life walked in and stared at me and then he came over and sat down and ordered scotch. He didn't look at me with his eyes but with his teeth instead and he said I had been found and did I want to buy a cap and Cilla looked at Ribbon King and the corners of her mouth wrinkled.

Iron Devil whom I mentioned before said I'll see you again but right now I'm tired and he began to let go and fall off.

I asked the half-life if he had a roll of tickets and he said yes and he said eight clams round trip and twelve one-way and I said how far does it go and he said nobody's ever gone there so I asked if there were any hangers on and he said that's the chance you gotta take and I said okay and left my soul under the ashtray and walked to the station with him.

We made our way thru the have nots and he gave me the ticket and split. I had three weeds while I was waiting and when the train came I was running down the track and all it had to do was pick me up and put me in a seat.

I forgot all about Fat Cilla and Ribbon King and Charlie and the sax at Benjie's because they couldn't get to me over the wall we just went thru because it had closed up again. All the real people are gone.

The train stopped and I went up to my room that was reserved and threw the six-eyed monster out and washed my hands because he was slimy. Then I put my body on the floor in the corner by the bureau and I watched it stare. It looked funny because it can't do

anything without me and now I am free because I bought a one way ticket.

Then Happy and Thorn came in and I said I thought I locked the door but they laughed and said they had a key and they said I couldn't get out and neither could they. They are my friends but they are too much like real people and I didn't have my knife because my body had it and they were in front of it so I smiled and shut my mouth and knew this was a bad trip. I was not psyched out enough and when I saw the smoke woman again I had to follow her. Then I saw Iron Devil but he saw me first and grabbed on to the back of my hair and tried to reach for my hair which was easier than the last time because I had my body then. I figured if I could think hard enough he would fall off so I started to run and Happy and Thorn ran with me because they were my friends. They knew I didn't have my knife.

The blue started to fade and it changed to red and then caught on fire and Iron Devil said good-bye I've never gone this far but I'll see you again and I knew he was lying because I would go back a different way.

The smoke woman was gone with Happy and Thorn and there is no one. I am back in my room and the train is outside and there is the wall with my body on the other side. Benjie's is on the other side. The wall won't open up and Fat Cilla is crying and Black and White and his cripple are picking up my body and Camera Man is there and a pen is writing on a piece of paper in a pad but I can't get back.

